Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens substitute
His Deputy annoynted in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my selfe?
Gaun. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our Cosin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be *Mowbrayes* sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.
Gau. Sister fare well; I must to Couentry,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dut. Yet one word more Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownesse, but weight.
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do nor so quickely goe,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Pleshie* visite me.
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,

Vn-

And make us wade even in o
Therefore, we banish you our
You Cosin Hereford, upon p
Till twice five Summers have
Shall not regreet our faire Do
But tread the stranger paths o
Bul. Your will be done: th
That Sunne that warmes you h
And those his golden beames t
Shall poynt on me, and gilde
Rich. Norfolke: for thee re
Which I with some unwillingn
The slye slow houres shall not
The dateleſſe limit of thy dea
The hopeleſſe word, of never t
Breathe against thee, upon pai
Mow. A heavy sentence my m
And all unlook'd for from you
A deerer merit, not so deepe a
As to be cast forth in the comm
Have I deserved at your Highn
The Language I have learn'd th
(My native English) now I mu
And now my tongues use is to
Then an unstringed Vyoll, or a
Or like a cunning Instrument ca
Or being open, put into his hand
That knowes no touch to tune
Within my mouth you have eng
Doubly portcullist with my teeth
And dull, unfeeling, barren ign
Is made my gaoler to attend on
I am too old to fawne upon a N
To farre in yeares to be a pupill
What is thy sentence then, but sp
Which robs my tongue from brea
Rich. It boots thee not to be c
After our sentence, plaining come

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